

# The K. H. C. Log

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Compton, Que., February, 1925

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## EDITORIAL

The second term of this year has begun with interest and enthusiasm. Owing to the long Christmas holidays we have all come back to good old K.H.C. ready for hard work and the many winter sports.

We thank those who have contributed stories, poems, etc., to this number and hope they will keep up the good work in the future.

On Saturday, January 24th, here, as everywhere in America, I suppose, great interest was taken in the eclipse. After prayers we all dashed to the eastern windows with negatives or smoked glass, to see the moon pass across the face of the sun.

K.H.C.L.



## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

We have great pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss F. B. Willa Price, daughter of Lady Price and the late Sir William Price, and Lieut. Commander R. E. F. MacQ. MacKenzie, son of Roderick MacKenzie, Esq., of Farnham, Surrey, England.

A very enjoyable party was given by Major F. C. Shorey, on Sunday, February 1st, at Maplehurst, which was greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

On Saturday, February 7th, prior to Miss Joll's birthday party an afternoon tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, of Ottawa, at Maplehurst to celebrate their daughter's birthday.

Miss Joll's birthday party held on February 7th, was, as usual, a howling success. At six o'clock supper was served in the dining-room and Miss Joll received the guests at the door. One long table across the far end of the room was decorated with narcissus; dishes of galy coloured candies, and a large birthday cake of three tiers was placed in the centre of the table. The guests were seated around the room. After a delicious supper, which we all enjoyed thoroughly, chairs were pushed back and the music commenced. For an hour or so, dancing which included "New Girl's" and "Cut-in" dances, was greatly enjoyed, then the party came to a close with a hearty cheer from all, expressing our heartfelt appreciation of the delightful time we had had.

At 8.30 movies were held as usual in the Gym, and at 10.00 o'clock we were all retired to bed after a day we are sure never to forget.

"The Observer".

## SPORTS

This winter has proved to be a wonderful time for sports. It has been very cold, but the days have been bright and when we are busy with ski-ing, etc., we do not mind the weather.

The rink this term was in excellent condition, and the girls enjoyed an hour of skating in the afternoons and were so encouraged that an impromptu competition was arranged. The judges who supervised it were Prue Holbrook, Sybil Rhodes and Catherine Guthrie. The programme consisted of Fourth Class Test school figures and one minute pair free skating. The competitors were: Nancy McCarthy, Margaret Dawes, Pat Sawes, Maryon Murphy, Betty Blackwell, Hildred Clarke, Margaret Minnes and Dorothy Napier. The first prize was awarded to Nancy McCarthy and second prize to Margaret Dawes. They were presented by Nancy Reid our Head Girl.

The ski-ing this term has been very good. The Coaticooke and Farm Hills were crowded every afternoon with skiers. A favorite cross-country ski on Saturday afternoons was around Hill-hurst, a road well known to all Old King's Hall Girls.

Practice matches are held nearly every afternoon for the coming annual interform Basket-ball matches, which will take place this term.



## ART

The usual interest in art is still kept up this year. Every girl in the school is at present working hard for the coming art exams. that will be taken next term.

Just before the Christmas holidays, the special Arts Form invited the school up to the studio to see the work done by the Arts girls during the term.

In the centre of the room, on a long table, covered with a white cloth, were the many pieces of china painting done by the girls. There were cups and saucers, vases (large and small), tiny china trays, glazed glass ornaments, salt cellars, pepper pots, and two or three wooden tea trays that held a tea-pot, hot water jug, a plate and a cup and saucer.

Pieces of leather work and basketry were on little tables at the side of the room. The drawings and paintings were around the walls.

From this display, we know the Arts Form must have worked hard during last term. If they keep up the good standard they will certainly have a good exhibition for June.

Under the supervision of Miss Campbell the School has made great strides in Art. I am sure every one of the girls who have studied Art under Miss Campbell will agree with me when I say we owe a great deal to her in the patience she has with us, and the interest that we feel she takes in each one of us.

"Peter Pan".

## FIRST MORNING AT K.H.C.

What was that horrible noise that rang in my ears? Yes, a bell. A bell means fire. Fire means loss of life. I leaped from my bed fully realizing that these were perhaps my last moments on this earth. Was I prepared to go? I paused an instant in my wild rush and decided in the negative. A cold fear overcame me; what a good thing my unknown room-mate was coming late. But here was my watch and my only ten dollar bill, those pearls I got last Christmas must go. Then my quick wits, ever ready, came to my aid. I rushed over to my jug and dipping my towel in it bound it around my nose and mouth. Grasping a handy mug of water I poured it with some reluctance over my head. I was then ready for what must come. I stopped with my hand on the door-knob, that reminded me of a nice white egg, and turned to view the room which was to have been my home for years to come. A sob rose in my throat, then overcome I fled. No one in the corridors! Those poor innocent young things burning in their beds! They, who had done no wrong (?). A great courage pervaded me. I would save life! Dashing into the opposite room I pulled the bed-clothes off the first gently sleeping occupant. My reward for this kind act was a growl quickly followed by a blow on the head and flavoured with the grateful words "Do you want a conduct mark?" and saying curiously "Have you been swimming in the bath-tub?" for my condition was truly a wet one, thanks to the mug of water. "A fire" I murmured helplessly. "The rising-bell, O brainy one".—I retired to my room, vanquished, a crushed girl, to meditate on the harsh ways of this world and to dress myself.

"Dumb-Dora".



Once there was a girl who was a **Clarke** in a dry-goods store in **Virginia**. She lived in a little house on the edge of some **Myres** where a great many **Violettes** grew; it was in sight of two **Castles** at opposite ends of a valley and she could see their many **Towers**.

One day a friend took **Counsel** of her and asked her to help make a **Patton** of a new **Nicoll** and dime bank.

The friend stayed to supper, sharing her **Teakle** and Charlotte **Ruse** which the **Baker** left.

After she picked up the paper and began to **Reid** of a **Sheppard** in **Holland** being chased by a **Wolfe**, who jumped over a **Holbrook**, banging into a **Baptist** minister, who gave him **Black** looks, and proceeded to ask a **Lehman** if the **Rhodes** were good; and of a woman who **Aird** her clothes, and a prize dog **Barker** who tore them up.

The friend laughed heartily and said she must go and see **Jamieson**, who was in **Bed** in the **Jones** hospital having met with an accident whilst driving a **Ford**. She then left with **Naughty Grace**.

"The Whistling Oyster"—Upper 5B.

## ODE TO SPRING

'T was a glorious night,  
And the cuckoo was heard.  
We counted the strokes,  
Till we came to third.  
Then something went wrong  
With that clock, most absurd,  
" 'T was the Spring".

Ju-Ju".



## AN IDEAL MAN

I have always longed to meet my ideal man. Perhaps my ideals are too high, too lofty, for as yet I have never seen anyone who quite came up to my expectations. However, I will now attempt to describe his manly beauties.

To me there is nothing more infinitely appealing than large eyes of a different colour, perhaps sea green, and sky blue (in order to break monotony), slightly crossed, so as to give an air of command to his masculine charms. A large head, covered with bristly black hair, daintily set upon narrow shoulders; a nose, neither straight nor crooked; a large mouth, overshadowed by a graceful dropping mustache, curled at the ends so as to lend him an air of romance and perhaps a touch of villainy. His shoulders, gently widening to his waist and hips, which are under by several inches than those of the average man. His legs are well-formed, the knees being slightly turned in (to correspond with his large feet). The calf of his leg is extremely plump, but this in my opinion, is a sign that the man in an excellent dancer.

I am sure, dear readers, that you will all agree with me when I say that there is nothing more attractive than a man who, by his striking appearance, is an object of great observation and commentation by all those who have the good fortune to gaze upon his divine countenance!

"Dippie Dichie".



## THE DAISIES

Pretty little daisies  
Swaying to and fro,  
In amongst the fields,  
Swaying to and fro.  
Pretty little daisies  
Swaying to and fro,  
Swaying with the breezes,  
How they love it so.  
Pretty little daisies  
Swaying to and fro.  
See them bow their yellow heads,  
Saying good-night I know.

"The Burglar's Wife"—Upper 5B.

## A NEVER, NEVER DAY IN THE STUDIO

She smiled sweetly over her bran—my dear friends she was a very happy and clever girl, and still smiling, she said “Why, to think it is Thursday and studio day”—she was a very clever girl! The little bell tinkled and one of the dear mistresses said with her sweet little voice “Now children, you may go, go as noisily as you like, for no one minds a noise”, for my dear friends everyone loves a noise. She ran out of the dear dining-room—no one heeded her—for everyone ran, my dear friends, everyone loves you to run! She entered her spotlessly clean and tidy room, for my dear friends it always was tidy! and still smiling she said to her dear room-mate, “Isn’t it nice, it’s studio day.” My dear friends, after prayers she ran shouting out of the gym. crying to her other studio friends to hurry and come up to the studio. My dear friends Miss Joll smiled at the dear child, as she ran shouting out of the gym. with her dear studio friends following her.

My dear friends, everything was in perfect order up in the studio, for my dear friends it always is! She found her brushes, and paints just as she had left them, as my dear friends you always do up in the studio! She set to work right away, as I have already said, she was a very clever girl. Everything went perfectly my dear friends, as it always does. After working hard for two or three hours,—no my dear friends she did not talk or laugh!—and as that well-timed clock struck eleven she put down her work with a sigh of satisfaction! She ran out of the studio down to the glass passage, smiling to her dear friends, she took a handful of lovely sugared biscuits and Miss Joll beside her said to the dear children that they did not have to drink their milk unless they wanted to. When she had eaten her fill, she danced daintily down to the candy store, where my dear friends, everyone was in line from the **old** girls downwards. One of the dear girls was smiling over the list of girls whom she was ticking off, for my dear friends it is such a pleasure to tick off names, for the dear children are so sweet about telling their names, and the new girls never push in front of the old girls, for my dear friends it is never done! After she had with ease got her rosy, red and shining apple, so large and sweet, she ran smiling and whistling out of the candy store, for my dear friends everyone whistles! She skipped into the gym. where everyone was tripping to sweet music, for everyone loves to play on the piano, in fact the dear children were all lined up who took music, each pushing the other in their joy to sit at the piano and play. As each girl finished her piece she cried with sorrow “next” and the next came skipping up with joy. Then my dear friends the bell rang, and everyone silently walked down the stairs, for my dear friends, the dear children are always very silent in school hours.

Up in the studio the dear girls were soon at work again. Everything as neat as when they had started in the morning, and as soon as they had finished their work, they sat around in a circle and told fairy tales. All their work done and they were very happy, for my dear friends they were very clever girls!

“Happy Hooligan”.

## THE SIXTH FORM LINE-UP

A is for Adelaide, in German not bad  
B is for Billie, and cats are her fad  
C is for Connie, who can't be called thin  
D's for the Dorothys, one short and one thin  
E is for Edna, a wizard at Maths.  
F is for fun, which oft falls in our paths  
G is for good, which we all try to be  
H is for "H.K", a poet is she  
I is for Innes and black is her hair  
J is for jolly, we're all with you there  
K is for King's Hall—that's what we all cheer  
L is for Lehman, a new girl this year  
M's for the two Margs, and Maryon too  
N's for **not** naughty, we know that's quite true  
O is for Optimists, we're known to be that  
P is for Phillie, and off comes our hat  
Q is for quiet (admitted quite right)  
R's for results, and for good ones we fight  
S is for Shorey, who last term bossed a play  
T is for "tuck" which we get Saturday  
U's for undaunted, as the Sixth Form we're that  
V is for Violet, whose not thin and not fat  
W's for witty, and Liz surely is that.  
X is for something, but to find it's not fun!  
Y is for yawn, which we do when we've time  
Z is for Zero—Here endeth this rhyme.



## THE JANUARY SALE

Perhaps you may know that the stores in the city  
Have their January sales, as the first month comes round;  
This brain-wave dawned on the Dry-Goods Committee,  
So their goods were displayed and reduced with a bound.  
Cold cream, talcum, ribbons and laces,  
All were reduced at twenty per cent.  
They went just like lightning till left were no traces—  
Their cupboards were bare, and our money was spent.  
"Rum-dum".



## THE SNOW MAN

The Snow Man is so very queer,  
He's all right when it's cold,  
But when the sun shines warm and bright,  
He's only just a smear.  
"The Winter Frolic".

## A CONVERSATION

Canadian-born—"Do you like that girls' bangs??"

English-born—"Oh, you mean her fringe?"

Can.-born—"I almost think I prefer the style of wearing barrettes."

Eng-born—"Oh, you mean slides."

Can.-born—"Do you think it is wet enough for rubber boots?"

Eng.-born—"Oh, you mean Wellingtons."

Can.-born—"I wonder if the movies will be good tonight?"

Eng.-born—"Oh, you mean the cinema".

Can.-born—"I'd like some gas, please."

Eng.-born—"Oh, you mean petrol."

Can.-born—"Oh, dear, I thought we spoke the same language."



## HOW THEY TAKE IT

Scene—Matric. Class-room.

(Big-Ben registers 9.29). Heated discussion as to who will announce the mistress.

9.30—(a light footstep is heard in the corridor).

J. P.—"Miss M——n, girls!"

Miss M.—"I beg your pardon?"

Whisper—"Don't mention it !!"

Scene II—Next day, proper girl at proper place at proper time.

Proper Girl—"Miss A——m, girls"

Miss A.—"What's all this about?"

All—(wishing to relieve the situation)—"Giggle, Giggle".

Curtain.

L. C. (à propos of Canadian History)—Must we say anything about the raising of revenue?

E. S. (suddenly inspired)—That reminds me of my letter home!

Someone—How quickly time flies!

H.C.M.—Yes, just think, forty-seven weeks today is Christmas! ! !

Two young ladies were talking about country life. One remarked "How those trees do moan and groan!"

"Yeh," interrupted the inn keeper's son, who was tired of hearing such comments, "if you was so full of green apples as those trees over yonder—you'd be moanin' and groanin' too."

V.—"How'd you lose your hair?"

L.—"Worryin'."

N.—"What cha worryin' about?"

L.—"Losin' my hair."

## HOPING

There maybe times when all the world seems hopeless,  
Times when your friends forget that they are so,  
But never give up hoping for the better,  
And seek to help your comrades as you go.  
Think of the times when all the world seemed golden,  
And hope that soon the gold will shine again,  
And, above all things, keep on being cheerful,  
For the way to happy sunshine is through rain.

“Bobby Bumps”.



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